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Fish

Wrongs of Man

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THE

WRONGS OF MAN;

A SATIRE.

THE

WRONGS OF MAN;

A Satire.

WITH NOTES.

BY HOWARD FISH.

" Should an afflicted country, awed by men
Of slavish principles, demand his pen,
This is a great, a noble point of view,
Fit for an English Poet to pursue,
Undaunted to pursue, though, in return,
His writings by the common hangman burn."

CHURCHILL.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

"The Reader, if he will but read this Poem *twice*, is recommended to pass over *all the Notes* on the *first* perusal, except when they are absolutely necessary to understand the passages which they are intended to illustrate. I give this hint, as it will be found of very singular use in perusing all works of importance, from the well-noted pages of Mr. Gibbon's History, to my Poem.—However, I shall never blush for any of my notes, though perhaps *the Author* (from whom this paragraph is taken,) has blushed for many of his; at least I sincerely hope so."—Vide *Pursuits of Literature*, Part I. Quarto Edit. MDCCXCIV.

941823

THE

WRONGS OF MAN.

YES ; there are scenes that harrow up the mind,
And men there are a scandal to their kind ;
How long, how long, shall injured man forbear,
And fall the prey of torture and despair ;
How long shall plaudits crown the wealthy knave ;
How long shall VIRTUE be OPPRESSION'S slave,

NOTES.

" The quotations contained in the following notes, are not cited from any vain parade of learning, but merely to prove facts, and confirm opinions by the authority of those whom the world has hitherto considered as its teachers, and were not thought of until after the text was composed.*"

All the alien authorities cited, are given in the vernacular tongue, since it is not every English reader that is acquainted with the ancient and foreign languages.

* Burdon.

Be lull'd by opiates frothy words impart,
Balm to the ear—not comfort to the heart?
Let's ask of REASON—let us turn and see
How practice and how proud pretence agree;
Explore the source from whence those murmurs flow,
So fraught with omens, so o'ercharged with woe.
See whether blessings GOD, our parent, gave
To comfort man, have link'd but slave to slave;
If what Omnipotence ordain'd for all,
The whole partake of, or on parts but fall.[1]

Let others sing of love and rosy bowers,
Of fragrant SUMMER and her blooming flowers;
The luxuries of eastern climes unfold,
Their gorgeous pageantry, their gems, their gold;

---

[1] "Whether we consider natural reason which tells us, that men, being once born, have a right to their preservation, and consequently to meat and drink, and such other things as nature affords for their subsistence; or revelation, which gives us an account of those grants God made of the world to Adam, and to Noah and his sons; it is very clear that God has given the earth to the children of men, given it to mankind in common."*

What a pity it is that such a writer should have entertained such ideas!

* Locke on Civil Government, b. ii. chap. 5.

The BARD, who basks in FORTUNE's sunny ray,
May well with flowerets strew the gilded way;
With soothing strains the idle hour beguile,
Till GRIEF herself is even forced to smile;
May cull the garlands FANCY loves to wreath,
Scenes fresh with life, and airy forms that breathe.
But, wo is me! some less congenial ray
Illumed the morning of my natal day,
Bade me, mid rocks be buffetted about,
And find, or force alone, a passage out.
'Tis done—and sterner themes engage my time,
The dreadful progress of the men of crime
Awakes my song—to them the lyre I string,
Of NATURE's rights, and NATURE's bane, I sing.
Unwelcome themes to this complaisant age,
Which hates the manly independent page:
Where INDIGNATION, in portentous strains,
Exhorts her countrymen to rend their chains;
To wake, nor more alternately be sold
To harpies, panting for accursed gold;
Which sues, long exiled LIBERTY to bring,
PEACE in her palm, and FREEDOM on her wing.

To GUILT, let ADULATION tune her lyre,
Till all in LUXURY's soft lap expire;

And heed that no obtrusive verse appear
To wound, with melancholy truth, the ear.[2]

Now floods of nonsense roll in floods of rhyme,
And madmen's eulogies around us chime:
" Joy glads the smiling land."—" Abundance reigns
Through all the towns, the cities, and the plains ;"
" All that we wish, we have"—how well we fare !—
" The gods protect us !"—" Heaven's peculiar care !"[3]

Alas ! my fellow slaves ! can you believe
You all those boasted benefits receive ?

---

[2] " ---A King is ever surrounded by a crowd of infamous flatterers, who find their account in keeping him from the least light of reason, until all ideas of rectitude and justice are utterly erased from his mind."

" The French ambassador at the court of Ferdinand IV. was desirous that the King should peruse the life of Henry IV. His majesty, after keeping the book a month, returned it, saying, ' There is your book untouched; they don't wish me to read, so I have given it up.' The same sagacious Monarch treated as a jest the execution of Charles I. ' Depend upon it, (said he) it is a mere tale trumped up by the Jacobins of Paris to excuse their own guilt'."*

[3] The language of sycophants in every age and country. A flourishing people require not to be told of their prosperity.

* Vindication of Natural Society

Say, while yourselves or children want a meal,
Can you chant pæans for the joys you feel,
With grateful hearts exalt the voice of praise,
And wish your governors a length of days?

No; never may we shout 'all hail!' to those
Who cause our sufferings, or mock our woes;
Who sow distrust, disunion, and hate,
Through every rank and member of the state,
Driving insulted REASON from her throne,
To elevate an idol of their own;[4]—
Before whose BAAL each must blindly fall,
And worship and obey, as lord of all.
DELUSION consummates what CRAFT began,
And lets the furies loose to torture man.
Errors innumerable shapes assume,
And lead us from the cradle to the tomb;
Sap the foundations of our peace, and sow
The seeds of penury, of crime, and woe.

---

[4] "Science and learning, if universally diffused, would speedily overturn the best constituted government upon earth."* If this be true with respect to "the best constituted government," upon what a weak foundation must corrupted ones stand?

* Colquhoun on Indigence.

When clouds obscure the splendour of the skies,
And veil the sun of REASON from our eyes;
Say, are they gods or demons, who create[5]
The storm, which brings such ruin to the state?

O worse than rattle-snake, that dare profane
The minds of millions for a little gain;
May conscience goad ye till your latest breath,
And rack ye in the agonies of death!
Nor mercy ask, should less corrupted times
Demand your lives, the forfeit of your crimes.

Let virtuous deeds precede the trump of FAME;[6]
Emblazon not an execrable name,
Nor laud the times when GUILT, with giant stride,
Colleagues with MEANNESS, CRUELTY, and PRIDE;
Scatters her poison o'er a groaning world,
By tyranny, to dread perdition hurl'd;

---

[5] What absurdities are propagated from age to age that an interested few may profit by the delusion of the many; occasioning what Swift justly denominates "the madness of many for the gain of a few."

[6] No monument or statue should be erected in honour of any individual, until at least fifty years after his death; in the course of that time the influence of prejudice and party will subside, and the glorious distinction be but awarded to the benefactors of mankind.

Where all, distracted, know not what to do,
And all a petty interest pursue.

Plunged in a fatal gulph, BRITANNIA lies,
And dares but sue for succour by her sighs ;
Her day of glory and renown has flown,
And now the cup of sorrow is her own ;
No arm but thine, Omnipotence, can save
Her falling greatness from the yawning grave.
In vain the patriot has spent his breath,
Her trial over, and her sentence—death !
One solitary hope alone remains,
Let's shame her children with their length of chains.[7]

---

[7] The predictions of Lord Bolingbroke, though made nearly an hundred years ago, are as applicable to the present time as if they were written yesterday.

" It is certain that if ever such men as call themselves *friends to the government*, but are *real* enemies of the Constitution, prevail, they will make it a capital point of their wicked policy to keep up a standing army."

He is, however, of opinion, that, " to destroy *British Liberty* with an army of *Britons* is not a measure so sure of success as some people may *believe*. To *corrupt the Parliament* is a slower, but might prove a more effectual method, and two or three hundred mercenaries in the two houses, if they could be listed there, would be more fatal to the *Constitution* than ten times as many thousands in red and blue out of them."

" By the *corruption of Parliament*, and the absolute influence of a King or his *Ministers*, on the *two houses*, we return into that state, to deliver or secure us from which *Parliaments* were instituted and are really governed by the arbitrary will of *one man*. Our whole Constitution is at once dissolved. Many securities to liberty are provided, but the integrity which depends on

The time has been, when, to the yoke unbent,[8]
Man lived, nor asked his fellow man consent;
When, free from foes, the earth gave all she bore
To feed her charge, that knew no wish for more;
Ere systematic villanies had changed
Bright NATURE's face, when man, unfetter'd ranged;
Then, in that happy time, no millions bled,
Nor knew the blood-stain'd field was GLORY's bed;
Then JUSTICE reign'd, upheld by common sense,
A nation's best, and only sure defence;

---

the freedom and *independence of Parliament*, is the key-stone that keeps the whole together. If this be shallow, our *Constitution* totters. If it be quite removed, our *Constitution* falls into ruin, &c. On the whole, I conclude that, in the possible case here supposed, the first and principal object will be to destroy the *Constitution*, under pretence of preserving the *Government by corrupting our Parliaments.*"

Bolingbroke's Dissertation on Parties, p. 111, 6, 7.

[8] That the present state of European society is preferable to the aboriginal state, is a matter little better than problematical. If man, in his uncultivated condition, possessed fewer comforts, he had, let it not be forgotten, fewer wants and fewer wishes. "Where ignorance is bliss (we are told,) 'tis folly to be wise," and certain it is that nothing ought to be set down to the score of our advantage which does not increase the stock of our happiness. The question then to be decided is---whether the present polished state of society renders to the mass of mankind all the advantages it is capable of rendering, or that mankind have a right to demand?

In the various displays with which we are occasionally favoured of the advantages polished society procures, the amount contributed by the labouring classes is entirely left out of the calculation, who are respectfully inculcated to reverence Kings, &c. as the authors of all the benefits society confers. Enough of such *balderdash!*

Ere AVARICE saw kings before her fall,
Saw PRIDE adore her, or made slaves of all;
Ere savage tyrants, with an irod rod
And human weaknesses, assumed the god;
Cried up good precepts—bad examples set,
Or ruin'd millions or by war or debt;
Discarded REASON, and supplied her place
By fatal errors, which the world disgrace;
Degraded knowledge whence all concord springs:—
These, these the plagues, produced by priests and kings.

O happy times! for ever, ever past,
Why came ye once, if not ordain'd to last?
Why were we not with deathless FREEDOM blest,
Or born to love the lot we all detest?
The scoundrel's savage frown, the galling chain,
Were but for this a pleasure—not a pain;
Then, then, we might have claim'd, to sooth our woe,
The comforts RESIGNATION could bestow,
But now, thy spectre, LIBERTY, is seen,
And taunts each slave with what he should have been!

All grant the evils great—a grievous curse,
But say, is not their tame endurance worse;

Say, mind of heavenly mould! what brute is found
To kiss the rod that strikes him to the ground?
Though patriots warn, and hoary sages teach,
Still PREJUDICE defies the powers of speech;[9]
To death or torture though she lead the way,
Her potent voice the multitude obey;
She kindles up FANATICISM's fire,
And bids her victims in the blaze expire;
She tells her slaves, that man may well dispense
With comfort, freedom, justice, and with sense;
That what their nurses or their sires ne'er knew,
Cannot, though clearly verified, be true;
That present private gain, however small
Is better than the benefit of all.

Be wise, be bold, and, would ye shun the fate
Of ancient empires—be not wise too late.

---

[9] "An old priest in Henry the Eighth's time, being reproved for reading in his service book *Mumpsimus* Domine, instead of *Sumpsimus*, replied, he had now used *Mumpsimus* these thirty years, and, for his part, he would not leave his old *Mumpsimus* for their new *Sumpsimus*."*

"The world is nat'rally averse
To all the truth it sees and hears;
But swallows nonsense and a lie,
With greediness and gluttony."†

* Sir T. P. Blount's Essays, v. p. 106, 7. † Hudibras.

On all let EXECRATION fix her seal,
Who meanly at the shrine of MAMMON kneel;
On all who dare audaciously insist,
That PLENTY crowns us—that no ills exist.[10]
Or sorrow and perdition will alight,
As certainly as day succeeds the night,
And all shall rue, with bitter sighs, the day
When AVARICE inveigled them away.

Review the WORLD—survey her history o'er;
Empires of mighty note are now no more.
By pride, by pomp, by selfishness accurst,
Their might, their grandeur, now, alas! is dust.
And say, can those expect a better fate,
Who care not to be good—but will be great?[11]

---

[10] What can be more contemptible than that degrading meanness which attempts to seduce the starving mechanic into a belief that he is in "prosperous circumstances." The enlightened and liberal course pursued by the underlings of despotism; and is much of a piece with that other state trick which endeavours to cajole the dying malefactor into an assent to the justice of his execution. Methinks conscience and fear must cry loudly against the wretches who find it necessary to resort to such abominable practices.

[11] "Men seldom became slaves till they are unworthy to be free: till all the noble virtues of society are expelled as Utopian and impracticable, and servility and venality have tainted the human character to the core."
Shee's Elements of Art.

In vain, in vain, EXAMPLE warns the times,
We court destruction, and delight in crimes;
The lords of men, by lucre led away,
Lead by prescription all mankind astray.
All laugh at equity, and hope to rise
By means which each should fly from and despise.
No spark of glory animates the age;
No guilt, however great, provokes our rage.
A sullen stillness sits on every soul;
But soon, yes, soon, shall awful vengeance roll;
Soon shall the shafts of INDIGNATION fly,
And doom each dread incendiary to die.

Honour,—religion,—equity, and shame,
Are now, alas! but symbols, but a name;
The prostituted words usurp the place
Of every excellence, of every grace;
From words, from words alone, each good proceeds,
And vile pretensions serve the place of deeds.
HYPOCRISY erects her brazen face,
And laughs to scorn, derision and disgrace;
Joys in another world she grants the dead,
She fed in this with sophistry, for bread.
Others, in ermine and in robes array'd,
Refine on miseries themselves have made;

Placed on a height, from whence a single blow
Would plunge them in the gaping gulph below,
They gibbets, racks, and manacles display,
To scare profane, obtrusive man away.
Too well their efforts answer the design,
Man worships man, as if he were divine:
The human mind by ceaseless tortures bent,
Kisses the rod, or trembles to resent.

Thus 'tis, throughout all life's eventful day,
The strong usurp and make the weak obey:[12]
Then poverty subdues the generous soul,
And thus the tyrant subjugates the whole.
WANT over some exerts despotic rule,
But some are fashioned in another school.
Those FOLLY prompts, or ARROGANCE impels,
To urge, that man from wantonness rebels;

---

[12] "If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted and no more,) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they could get into a heap; reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest perhaps and worst pigeon of the flock sitting round and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it; and if a pigeon more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men."
Paley's Principles of Philosophy, b. iii. ch. 1.

To urge, that every woe-worn wretch, with glee,
Should bow the head, and bend the pliant knee.
May such—acutely, to the very heart,
Feel all the stings that hunger can impart;
Till taught by sad experience, that those
Who slay or starve us, are our greatest foes.
Ask of the haggard forms that crawl the street,
Without a home, without a crust to eat,
If wantonness excites them to relate
That all their anguish issues from the state?[13]

Wealth, like the oak, fixt firmly in the ground,
Defended from the blast by all around,
May well unmoved behold the tragic scene,
And cry, when storms assail—the sky's serene.
To her, indeed, the sky is ever clear,
Thy sun, PROSPERITY, gilds all the year;
Eternal smiles illumine every face,
And all is beauty, harmony, and grace.

---

[13] To speak the truth is to commit a crime. We are greatly in need of a new dictionary, wherein this and other sublime improvements in philology should possess a conspicuous place.

The *public* conduct of the servants of the public should be open to unlimited investigation and discussion. If the ordeal be too intense let them retire into the sanctuary of privacy. It is a bad omen when public delinquents contemn the public voice.

But those who yield all toil and talent give,
With scarcely e'en the liberty to live,
May sure, without offence, their lot bemoan,
And wail their sufferings in a mournful tone!

Yes, whilst we writhe beneath unequal laws,
Eternal wrath shall reprobate the cause.
Curse, curse the wretch, and brand his name with scorn,
Who thinks himself but for himself was born;
Who thinks, if satisfied his own desires,
'Tis all that NATURE and his GOD requires;
And dreams, because possest of wealth, forsooth,
He teems with virtue, wisdom, and with truth!
That none but FORTUNE's favour'd sons have right
Or sense enough to tell the day from night;
But must, at every step they take, be led
By those who know not how to earn their bread.[14]

---

[14] If property be the rule of right, the wealthiest man is the best, the greatest, and is entitled to unlimited obedience. But if this reasoning be fallacious with respect to the richest, it is still more so with respect to every intermediate class of society. *Equal representation is the right of every man, whether he be worth a million or a mite*, and the annual election of the representatives of the people the only palladium of liberty throughout the world.

"But

Gods! though by tyranny and want opprest,
Say, must we next become a standing jest,
Become the plaything and the sport of those
Whom all the world denominates her foes?
At needy guilt blend pity with your frown;
Let lightnings strike the wealthy villain down,—
Jove, let thy thunders to his heart be hurl'd,
And fix the wretch, a warning to the world!

Thus arm'd, the tyrant makes mankind his prey;
And who so brave that dare impede his way?
As flies the chariot o'er the burning plains,
Whose wanton steeds contemn the useless reins,
So, where or fools or madmen fill the throne,
Millions must follow or be overthrown.

"But in the supposition that some inconveniences may arise by *frequent elections,* (which is only allowed for argument sake,) are such inconveniences, and the trifling consequences of them, to be set in the balance against the danger of weakening any one barrier of our *liberty?* Every form of Government hath advantages and disadvantages peculiar to it," &c.*

Independent of the right of mankind to universal suffrage, a right which none but despots will deny; the capability, particularly of the inhabitants of Great Britain, for the office of elector is as decidedly evident. It is nonsense to suppose that a man with a character sufficiently good to procure employment, and with ability sufficient to execute it, should not possess sense enough to give a vote, and integrity enough to give it honestly.

* Bolingbroke on Parties, p. 132.

'Tis true, whene'er our "heaven-born" masters stray,[15]
Their earthly slaves must follow and obey;
Still—though we bend to error and to might,
Is that an argument that wrong is right?
And why?—say why, should seas of blood be spilt
To gratify the mad desires of GUILT?
Or spotless INNOCENCE, which knows no guile,
Exchange for tears her fascinating smile?
Is CRIME omnipotent, is evil good?
Must not, or cannot, despots be withstood?

Grievous the days indeed, unfit for song,
When man must act a part he knows is wrong.
Who dare the virtuous honest path pursue,
Have nought but persecution in their view.
Oh say, my countrymen! is this your state?
Say, are you freemen? are you truly great?

---

[15] "Heaven-born."---"I the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation."* Our rulers in this particular, and, doubtless, from very laudable motives, have followed with becoming alacrity and affection the example of their heavenly parent, and have thereby proved their undoubted right to the title conferred upon them. Vide the Funding System, &c.

* Second Commandment.

PLENTY, and PEACE, and UNITY, and MIRTH,
Alas, have long been banish'd from the earth!
WAR, and her horrid train, usurp their place,
Upheld by famine, murder, and disgrace.
No joy, no ease we know; fatigue and pain
O'er all, with unrelenting rigour, reign.
VIRTUE conceals her face; yes, he rebels,
Whom pity actuates, or truth impels.
Darkness and danger overspread the earth,
And man laments the moment of his birth![16]

Oh! when will common sense our rulers guide?
When will they cease to be the slaves of pride?
When will their deeds by all be understood?
When will their pleasure be—the public good?
Long, long enough! have ruthless madmen hurl'd
Their venom'd shafts, and dared an injured world;
Gloried in deeds which demonize the mind,
And revel'd in the anguish of their kind:

---

[16] "Despicable condition! cheated, sold, and arbitrarily ruled by our own servants, who exceed JUDAS in treachery, and equal him in guilt!"

Burdett's Speech to the Electors of Westminster.

Monsters! must every age the lash endure?
Say, is there?—speak—or is there not, a cure?
God never can have sent so great a curse;
As man grows wiser, say, doth man grow worse?
Doth science lead us onward but to pain?[17]
Is peace alone a vision of the brain?

At Pleasure's call—off fly the giddy great,
To cares of more importance than the state;[18]

---

[17] We are continually reminded by holy, by loyal, and by rich men, that in proportion as we become enlightened we become better members of society; but they never condescend to tell us that in proportion as we are impoverished we become worse, or, in other words, become food for the laws, &c.

What should we think of that Government, which in proportion as it should proceed towards perfection, presents the governed with nothing better than a superabundance of miseries and of crimes?

Quere to Mr. Malthus. In what degree are the means of subsistence affected by luxury, and by the misapplication of the time of mankind in pampering the appetites of the luxurious?

[18] The following lines were considered inadmissible in the text, in consequence of not being sufficiently classical.

> At some big lady's rout they dance away,
> Like chimney-sweepers on the first of May.

And why not? Certain great and very profound statesmen have been much admired in reels and country dances. Others, perhaps, may have excelled at push pin!

In vain your voice you raise, for answers call,
The bottle, dice-box, opera, and ball,
By turns enslave them, and their time employ,
Consume their property, their health destroy.
One vice leads on to more, and still to worse,
Till private crimes become a public curse.
A curse, my Muse! why crimes are understood,
To be a great incalculable good!
Though LAW bid millions prematurely die,
And perish, unattended by a sigh;
Fresh myriads supply their place, and lo!
As unregretted to the grave they go:
Make room for others, who, with better will,
Shall all the duties of their state fulfil;
Cater for FOLLY through her thousand dreams,
To realize her mad fantastic schemes;
Which, like the visions of a frantic brain,
Are fraught with nothing but deceit and pain.

For FOLLY thousands plough the stormy deep,
For her what thousands rob their nights of sleep;
For her, the old, the young, like negroes toil,
To make the toys she needs not, or will spoil.

All, all is right! all rational, all just!
Exclaim the hirelings, ministers of lust![19]
Who scruple not to vindicate the deed,
Which starves whole millions, or makes millions bleed;
Outbribe their masters, and the servile crew
Recant, each word, and swear as much for you.

To genius, sterling merit, solid sense,
Are these, O guides of men! the proud pretence?
I bow, since such "the learned public," praise,[20]
Which o'er their trash can doze out half its days;
And when with news both eyes and ears are cramm'd,
What has it done, but dignified the damn'd,
Puff'd to importance what, without such aid,
Would but by universal scorn be paid?

---

[19] "There are infernal agents enough, who fatten on the plunder of the people, and have little to do in state affairs during the time of peace, who easily manage to bring about the wished-for rupture, and embroil an unoffending people in a war with an unoffending neighbour."

Erasmus. Complaint of Peace.

[20] "Learned public." "Enlightened and liberal public," &c. &c. Sugar plumbs, for which John Bull pays sufficiently dear, and by which he is held in servile subjection.

Yes, those, as FOLLY rules, or tyrants sway,
Make each supreme, though best but for a day.
And these, the "swinish multitude," with awe,
Think every lie is gospel or is law.
What knaves shall rob them, or what madmen rule,
Creates a mania, no rebukes can cool,[21]
Guilt meets the eye in such alluring shapes,
That all encore! and scarcely one escapes.
How many dye with purple streams the plain,
How many for a wretched ring are slain,[22]

---

[21] "The people think nothing so adorable as that unlimited greatness and tyrannic power which is raised at their own expence, and exercised over *themselves*."*

> "Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
> To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!"†

[22] Pliny, the historian, relates that the social war originated from a private quarrel between *Livius Drusus* and *Cæpio*, about a ring under sale, for which they bid against each other.

"Babouc (see Voltaire) mounted his camel, and set out with his servants. After having travelled some days, he met near the plains of Senaar, the Persian army, which was going to attack the forces of India. He first addressed himself to a soldier, whom he found at a distance from the main army, and asked him what was the occasion of the war. By all the gods (said the soldier) I know nothing of the matter. It is none of my business; my trade is to kill and be killed to get a livelihood. He enquires of the captains and then of the generals, who inform him that the cause of this war, which for twenty years past hath desolated Asia, sprang originally from a quarrel between a eunuch belonging to one of the concubines

* Shaftesbury's Characteristics. † Donne's Satires.

Are topics worthy all their time can give,
And fit, great GOD! to latest times to live.[23]
Yes, pension'd slaves with well-dissembled zeal
Smooth all before, that bolder knaves may steal

---

of the great King of Persia, and a clerk of a factory belonging to the great King of India. The dispute was about a claim, which amounted to nearly a thirtieth part of a daric. Our first minister and that of India, maintained the right of their masters, with becoming dignity: the dispute grew warm: both parties sent into the field an army of a million soldiers. This army must be recruited every year with upwards of four hundred thousand men. Massacres, burning of houses, ruin, and devastation, are daily multiplied; the universe suffers and their mutual animosity still continues. The first ministers of the two nations frequently protest, that they have nothing in view but the happiness of mankind; and every protestation is attended with the destruction of a town, or the desolation of a province."*

"I am told that the famous combustion, raised some years ago at Hamburgh, by one Krimbultz, a divine, and in which that free city had liked to have perished, was occasioned by this momentous question, namely, whether in the Lord's Prayer we should say, *Our Father*, or *Father Our*—a hopeful point of debate to be the cause of civil dissension!"†

I shall not add to this note by any apology for its length.

[23] 'Tis well for statesmen and sycophants to stimulate their slaves by the hopes of immortality. Soldiers, whose profession is death, run but too many risks of meeting with it.

A certain author of celebrity has been accused (by a political writer—Cobbett) of receiving £200 per annum for writing songs in commendation of chandler-shop glory. Nor is it at all unlikely that numerous vagabonds are in the pay of government for the express purpose of singing them: at any rate those persons who are tired of the good things of

* Voltaire's Vision of Babouc. † Gordon's Cato's Letters, vol. ii.

Our rights, our liberties, all heaven design'd
To grace the world, and gratify mankind.

Can idle gossipings effect a jot,
If BONAPARTE's conqueror or not?
Can "what's the news?"—"what number is their dead?"
Reform the bad, or give the hungry bread?
Can boasting make us great? can lies strike blows?
Make victory a good, or crush our foes?
No; facts, with all their frightful train, arise,
Rouse us from empty dreams, and ope our eyes.
Stern RETRIBUTION holds aloft our fate,
And tells us to be wise, be just, too late!

The same reward requites the peasant's pains,
Whether an emperor, or tyrant reigns;

---

this life, or, who cannot get them, and are desirous, or, are under the necessity of having a bayonet run through their bodies, have the consolation to know that

"Soldier's glory lives in story."
* * * *
"When battle's over live in *clover*, &c."*

* Catnach's Collection of State Poems.

Their efforts and their wishes are the same;
The aggrandisement of themselves their aim;
And all, who stigmatise the partial plan,
Are branded as the enemies of man.

Hence! to the school of MISERY, and learn,
What few but her disciples can discern,
That they, who willingly await the blow,
Have amply merited their overthrow.

A single murder fills the soul with dread;
But, ah! how pleasant is a field of dead![24]
What NATURE shudders at, or views with scorn,
Becomes the darling theme from night till morn;
'Tis all alike—e'en were the world on fire,
The errant fools would gossip and admire.

---

[24] "It is wonderful with what calmness and indifference the greater part of mankind see war commenced. Those that hear of it at a distance, or read of it in books, but have never presented its evils to their minds, consider it as little more than a splendid game, a proclamation, an army, a battle, and a triumph. Some, indeed, must perish in the most successful field; but they die upon the bed of honour, resign *their lives amidst the joys of conquest, and, filled with England's glory, smile in death.*"*

* Johnson's Faulkland Isles.

Say, shall the great engross your precious time?
Say, can ye talk of nothing else but crime?
Mourn for the sons of WEALTH!—for great the pain,
The anguish, and the tortures they sustain,
Compared to those their starving victims feel,
Or those inflicted by AMBITION's steel.

Mourn for the sons of WEALTH!—let not a tear
Bedew a brother's or a sister's bier;
The boundless debt of gratitude you owe,
Deserves the tribute of eternal woe;
And when, kind souls! your hour is nearly spent
In lamentations o'er each dire event,
Turn and receive the product of your pains,—
Eternal misery! eternal chains![25]

While dupes thus idolize the tricks of knaves,
Thus aid the vile to make a land of slaves;

---

[25] Some days after the death of the late Princess Charlotte, an acquaintance of the Author's (a stout hearty young man) observed to him, 'that he had been in tears ever since, and, but for the expence, would put the whole of his servants in mourning.' It was not long, however, before the sensitive creature had more substantial cause of grief, being taken under his Majesty's most gracious protection, and constituted a member of "Ellenborough College," commonly called the "King's Bench Prison!" where he

A merit to their galling chains assign,—
The tyrant plunders, and the people pine.

Go, view the infant clinging to the breast
Of fainting virtue, drooping and distrest;
The famish'd father—with heart-broken sighs
Returning hunger's unavailing cries;
Or view his children at each other gaze,
Wondering why woe imbitters thus their days;
Essay to cheer their spectre mother's grief,
And soothe her with the prospect of relief—
Who, but for them, would gladly yield her breath
To that kind friend of injured mortals, DEATH.
They, guiltless victims of a guilty state,
In bitter moans bewail their hapless fate;
Or fondly think, while crawling on the floor,
Each rustling wind brings succour to their door.
Alas, vain hope! though PENURY expect
Relief, her fate is but to meet neglect.
The good but pine; the order of the day
Is—prey on others, or become a prey;[26]

---

was, doubtless, indulged with abundant opportunities of lamenting the "National loss!" &c. &c.

[26] "Wouldst thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,

With which, who will not readily comply,
But rates a vagrant, and as such may die.

Now, read "the PAPERS" with devouring eyes,[27]
And call yourselves humane, and good, and wise.
Lo! Captain SLAUGHTERMEN the fight began,
And triumph'd in the massacre of man;
What harmless families at dead of night
Were driven from their beds in wild affright,
When armed ruffians, dripping wet with blood,
Whelm'd all before them, like a roaring flood;—

Which dungeons, death, or banishment deserves,
For virtue is but drily praised and starves."

Dryden's Juvenal.

[27] "The liberty of the press," is a phrase which has become almost proverbial, but do Englishmen recollect, that while they extol its virtues, there lurks beneath its leaves a thorn, more inimical to the liberties of themselves and their posterity, than the virtue of its fruits are beneficial to either? Do they recollect, that the printing press in the hands of tyrants is the most powerful engine of oppression that the world ever produced, and that, but for the boasted "Liberty of the British Press," we should never have suffered from the many evils of which we now complain?

The fact is—The *rich* have the power, and find it their interest to discountenance and suppress all writings containing important and salutary truths; and from the same motives, and by the same means, namely, money, are enabled to encourage and disseminate sophistry and delusion, in whatever quantity and place they please.

Read on—then read the Bible ; nor complain
If knaves oppress you, or your prayers are vain.

Such, such the fruits which politics produce,[28]
And such, my countrymen, their only use !

---

[28] Newspaper and pot-house parlour politics are sources of incalculable mischief. That manly spirit of abhorrence which should pursue tyranny to the grave, is frittered away in these receptacles of inanity; upon important nothings, amounting, in effect, to a criminal justification of the most serious offences.

The performers in those places, appear to be in no degree aware of how largely they contribute to the increase of the evils they pretend to deprecate. They are the very kind of people that a corrupt government delights to encourage, and which takes especial care that they shall not be in want of abundant "*proper*" food for discussion.

It is a misfortune that despotism should possess such extensive means of poisoning the public mind. Many a man, with the best of hearts and the best of intentions, has unwarily been "*bamboozled*" out of his common sense by the "*palavering*" of hireling scribes, retailers of the juggling tricks of place hunting scoundrels. In humble imitation of the worthies of antiquity, this subject shall be illustrated with a parable.

It was the misfortune of three travellers, who were sojourning along the road, to be beset by a band of robbers. Two of the three immediately 'took to their heels,' and left their companion a prey to the banditti. In this woeful dilemma he made as brave a resistance as was possible, but being wounded, and at length subdued by the merciless gang, they robbed him, bound him to a tree, and left him to his fate. When they had departed, his friends returned, and appeared exceedingly shocked at the idea of being charged with cowardice and desertion: however, instead of rendering him any assistance, they began expatiating on the various qualities of thieves---the tender expressions of regard they made use of while robbing people---their many private virtues, &c.---and, among other strange positions, one of them contended that thieves were necessary to society, for, said he, if there were not select bands of robbers, all men would become rogues. This assertion the other flatly denied, and

Some few grow rich, grow proud, and live at ease;[29]
The rest in want, in error, and disease.
Objects of wretchedness around us rise,
And pierce us with their lamentable cries.
One universal peal of discontent
Resounds, like thunder, through the firmament.

Whilst MISERY, with unrelenting sway,
Seizes without distinguishing, her prey;
'Twere crime, 'twere treason, to repress my rage,[30]
Smother my thoughts of this flagitious age.

---

was going, very deliberately, to demonstrate the improbability of every body becoming knaves; when, happening to cast a glance at their companion, they found, to their great surprise, that he was dead! Amen.

[29] "The wars of civilized nations make very few changes in the system of empire. The public perceives scarcely any alteration but an increase of debt; and the few individuals who are benefited have not the clearest right to their advantages—at the conclusion of a ten years war how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes, and the expence of millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters and commissaries, whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations."

DR. JOHNSON.

[30] "Avarice, meanness, selfishness, cruelty, and dishonesty, deserve no quarter, and he that is not their enemy is an enemy to the world, for they desire no friends, and are at open hostility with every thing noble, generous, or beneficent; severity and violence against such enemies, are not only justifiable but requisite."*

* Burdon's Materials for Thinking, vol. i. p. 14.

The common law the common thief awaits,
But what for you, ye plunderers of states !
A starving people—cities in a blaze,
But bring you peace, emolument, and praise.[31]
Still shall indignant NATURE, with a frown,
And mighty arm, essay to hurl ye down.
Thy state, O wretched man ! must rouse a soul
Of stone, and melt the rigour of the pole.
Let names, let forms e'en to the winds be hurl'd,
Kings were intended guardians of the world !

No ; kings were made to concentrate our rights ;
And men to gratify their appetites,
Become the property, the tools, the slaves
Of senseless dolts, or avaricious knaves,

" It is the right of every man, and it is also mine, to endeavour to support and to vindicate the honour and the dignity of his country ; and while I have the power of appearing before the public, I decline not the danger of delivering my sentiments boldly and openly."*

" HE WHO ALLOWS OPPRESSION SHARES THE CRIME."†

[31] " One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gains immortal fame."‡

* Cicero. Philipp. 1. † Darwin's Loves of the Plants.

‡ Dr. Young. Love of Fame, Sat. vii. ver. 55.

Whose zeal lies dormant till a thirst for more
Whispers, awake ! increase your boundless store.
The " sacred charge" at first become their prey,
Then distant nations perish or obey.
Soon mad EXTRAVAGANCE assumes the reins,
And sends STERILITY to curse the plains,
To blast with solitude the busy town,
And hush the voice of COMMERCE and RENOWN,
Till AVARICE, curst source of every ill,
Has sapp'd all states, and undermines them still.
Alas, what empires hath she overthrown !
All that the earth possesses, is her own !

Around the throne the venal tribe behold ;
Not to the king they bow, they bow to gold !
Nor raves the orator, nor rants the bard,
Without the sweet enticement—a reward.
Heaven save that monarch in the trying hour,
Who thinks such love himself, and not his power ;
And teach him this, that not a man on earth
Ere bent the knee or fawn'd on needy worth.[32]

---

[32] We need not wonder that courtiers ; who are so well paid for their loyalty, should possess that virtue in so eminent a degree : but it is rather unreasonable of them to expect it from those who have more integrity than meanness, and who possess a greater respect for the welfare of the empire,

Ask of the citizen why statesmen toil,
If for themselves, or countrymen, the spoil—
Though all their arts conspire to cloud his view,
And falsely deck the object they pursue;
And every paltry trick presumes to claim
The rank of public good, and honest fame—
TRUTH softly whispers in his ear, that they
Can ne'er be patriots who are led by pay.[33]
Incongruous! impossible! absurd!
Told with a smile, and scorn'd as soon as heard;
Look to themselves, believe them if you can;
Look to the state of morals, and of man![34]

---

than for the gratification of their own selfish propensities. Let things be called by their proper names---the virtue of such men is degradation, and their love the love of themselves. "Where (said Cicero) is the man yet that does not more willingly bestow his time and his pains upon the service of a powerful, and a wealthy person, than in the support and protection of the best poor man that ever was born?"* So much for---loyalty!

[33] The needy follower of a minister, cannot have any just pretensions to the glorious title of Patriot---GOLD is his GOD---and the rich courtier must forfeit all claim to that honour, or disdain remuneration.

[34] With the condition of one portion of the "Swinish Multitude," we are tolerably well acquainted---but let us, for a moment, advert to the situation of their wretched partners in misery. The state of the female part of the community in the 'lower walks of life,' is truly deplorable. Thousands of

* Tully's Offices.

Delusion darkens all the world, how few
Amid the chaos, know the false from true!
To those whose actions will not bear the light,
How grateful, how acceptable is night!

Concord and Happiness, alas! have fled,
And Ruin riots o'er what thousands fed.
Religion bends subservient to the times,
A shield for treason, and a mask for crimes.[35]

---

females in this metropolis, from between the ages of seven and twenty-seven, are necessitated to seek subsistence from some laborious and precarious employment, which, while it lasts, is but productive, on an average, of seven or eight shillings per week; with this important salary, they have to find themselves in lodging, raiment, food, &c. The smallness of their wages, together with the many temptations which this great town affords, are productive of evils too obvious and too distressing to need any recital.

[35] The ignorant and the vicious of every age and country have ever been remarkable for their ostentatious professions of zeal for religion. The truly pious and good evince their love of God by benevolence and "good will towards men." True religion proceeds from the heart---not from the lips.

"If it be true that christians are members of one body, how happens it that every christian does not sympathize and rejoice in every other christian's welfare?"*

All despots in all countries, have ever made religion an engine to serve their purposes. The tyrants of Greece and Rome kept the oracles in their pay, and were but too well initiated in the farce. The worshippers of Ma-

* Erasmus's Praise of Folly.

God marshals every host, and guides the hand[36]
Of Desolation o'er a groaning land ;
Flies on the bullet, fills the field with gore,
And joys to find, that millions are no more.
Revenge and Death within the priest reside,
And all our lords are drunk with wealth and pride ;
On gain, on gain, eternally they pore
And hell would worship, would it yield them more.
Think not, because for ever on each tongue
Your rights, your laws, your liberties are hung,
That they desire their weal ;—delusive dream !
Some great concession, some dishonest scheme,[37]

---

homet, of Confucius, and of Christ, equally announce themselves as being the particular and select charge of heaven. The unchristian-like spirit of christians (or of persons calling themselves such,) has occasioned more mischief to the universe, than every other cause combined. Creeds are cloaks for hypocrites of every denomination, with which they endeavour to cover the naked deformity of vice.

[36] " I find that the God of wisdom has spoken in an obscene, insidious, and unreasonable language, that the God of bounty and goodness has been cruel and sanguinary, that the God of justice has been unjust and partial, and has ordained wickedness and iniquity, that the God of mercies has destined frightful chastisements and the most horrid punishments to the victims of his wrath."*

This is the God of Hypocrisy, who endeavours to justify her iniquities by palming them upon the Deity.

[37] One of the peculiarities of the times, is, that the object of the " gen-

* Mirabaud.

Directs the helm, inspires the traitor's rant,
Makes millions marvel at the precious cant,
And taverns ring the chorus of the times,
Of bloody feuds, or less audacious crimes;
Till big, with all the glory of the state,
To crown the farce,—their slaves illuminate![38]

---

tlemen opposite," as Mr. Cobbett humorously calls them; or, as they call themselves, "the Whigs," (what a word!) is perfectly understood.

"I could shew, that they have all of them betrayed the public safety at all times, and have very frequently with equal perfidy made a market of their own cause, and their own associates. I could shew how vehemently they have contended for names, and how silently they have passed over things of the last importance."

Vindication of Natural Society.

"The House of Commons itself, in sheer places and pensions, swallows as much as would give fifty shillings a year to seventy-one thousand two hundred and twenty-four families! Would this be nothing? Would it not be felt by the people? Lord Arden, brother to the late Minister,* with reversion to the late Minister himself, received from his sinecures thirty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy-four pounds a year! This is the exact sum stated, but it is said that he has besides immense sums arising from interest. Here is support all the year round, at twelve shillings a week, for more than a thousand families. The same may be said of the family of Grenville. The Duke of Grafton's sinecures and pensions would maintain half as many, and, in short, it is in this way the Nation is impoverished and reduced to misery."

Burdett's Address to Electors of Westminster.

[38] "Good news! Great news! Glorious news! cried young Oswald, as he entered his father's house. We have got a complete victory, and killed I don't know how many of the enemy; and we are to have bonfires and illuminations.†"

Poverty has at length destroyed the illumination mania.

* Spencer Perceval. † Barbauld.

Rivet the fetters cunning tyrants give
To those, that will but in delusion live ;
Who, when they view the wreck themselves have made,
Start back with fright, and scream aloud for aid.

When FORTUNE frowns, we mourn our doleful fate,
And curse the harpies that infest the state.
With tender sympathy our hearts o'erflow,
And lend attention to the tales of woe ;
But when she smiles—oh ! then, we sigh no more ;
Then plunder those we pitied just before ![39]

---

[39] I think it may be asserted with truth, that in public, as well as in private life, the diffident character is the rarest and usually proves to be the best. Shall I incense the gods? *The best men and most effectual operators for the public weal, still remain in the back ground.* The man of large words and of obtrusive manners, has generally some selfish or sinister object in view, which he endeavours to gratify by hoodwinking the understandings of others. Pebbles may be picked up any where. The virtues of the diamond lie hid, and must be sought after with pains, ere they will expose their brilliancy to the glare of day.

Speeches, promises, declarations, and assurances we have been favoured with in abundance, but in what respect are we in any degree the better for them? Patriot has succeeded patriot, and orator has succeeded orator in an unceasing succession, and the only legacy they have left us in return for our credulity, is a confirmation of our slavery, and an additional conviction of how little reliance is to be placed upon the *promises* of public men.

Such, such is man: how very weak, how blind!
How great, and how contemptible his mind!
PRIDE wings her way wherever FORTUNE goes;
First flatters—then inflicts her fatal blows.
The conquering chief, elated with his power,
Dreams to drive worlds before him in an hour:
But, overtaken by the hand of FATE,
He cries for help, and sues for peace too late.[40]

O yes, indeed, 'tis pleasant to behold
Our vast possessions, and our piles of gold;
To see subjected millions prostrate fall,
And, like a flock, obey our potent call;
Yes 'tis, indeed,—but mark, across the pile
Sits haggard CARE that never knew a smile,
Her sunken eyes with ceaseless watching ache,
And trembling limbs with apprehension quake;

---

[40] It may, perhaps, be asserted with some degree of truth, that in parts of this Satire, expressions not the most gentlemanly, have been used towards "the constituted authorities of the country." In extenuation of this imaginary offence, I shall remark, that, extravagant as my ideas may be considered respecting the perfectibility of the human mind, or of the duties of persons in exalted stations, they are not sufficiently romantic, or tender enough to desire, that virtue should become the pander of vice by screening her offences, or that the lacerated feelings of plundered and insulted man, should bend with 'respect' and 'decorum' before the metaphysical sensibilities of his oppressors.

That independence, self-dependence brings,
Belongs not unto ministers or kings.
Ambrosial slumbers crown the peasant's bed,
And sweet, though dry, his hard-earn'd crust of bread;
But he who makes another's rights his prey
Becomes a slave from that accursed day.

Should SENSE once more, in pity to mankind,
Relume the land—recall each erring mind;
Should man, proud man! at length disdain to fall
To mean self-love, the common scourge of all;
And crimson WAR compel her fiends to cease
From bloody quarrels, and to pray for peace;
Then would the bard, disburthen'd of his rage,
Hail the glad prospect of a better age;
Smile with the smiling, join the joyous throng,
Fly with the dance, and chorus to the song;
To mirthful strains attune the melting lyre,
Or bid sweet WOMAN all his breast inspire:—
These are the themes that inspiration bring,
And these the themes the Muse delights to sing.

THE END.

W. T. Sherwin, Printer, Lower Smith Street, Northampton Square

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